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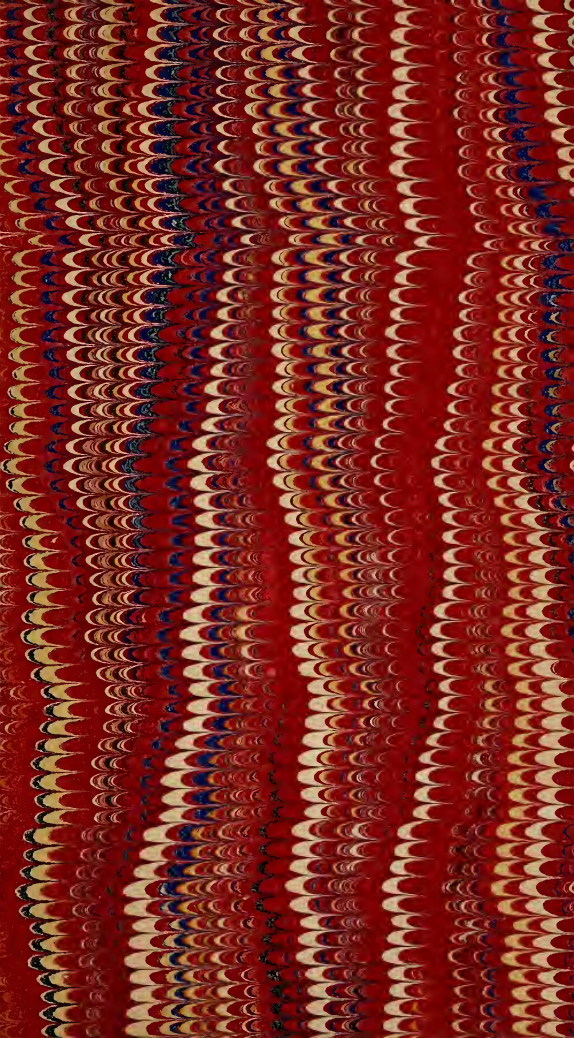
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.













*New York*  
*1845*



**VILLAGE POEMS.**







# VILLAGE

## P O E M S.

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**BY MRS. N. SPROAT.**  
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# VILLAGE POEMS.

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TO MISS M. D.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF A YOUNG ACQUAINTANCE.

WHEN kings and heroes bow in death,  
The Poet wakes his mournful lyre,  
And splendid deeds of human worth  
The rapturous eulogy inspire.

No monarch's deeds, no hero's fall  
Awakes my grief, or swells my strain ;  
I mourn the untimely frost, that nipp'd  
The loveliest flow'ret of the plain.

Beneath fair science' kindling rays,  
Which on the expanding blossom smil'd,  
She rose amidst surrounding plants,  
And cast sweet odours on the wild.

With joy her doating parents marked  
The rapid progress of her mind,  
And felt each hour the cord of love  
More closely round their hearts entwin'd.

This is the boon bestow'd to sooth  
The sorrows of our mortal lot—  
It is a secret joy, with which  
“A stranger intermeddleth not.”

Still is the tenure short and frail,  
By which all human bliss is held—  
Man may with gratitude enjoy,  
But with submission he must yield.

When pale disease attack'd her frame,  
Patient she bent beneath the yoke,  
And quietly her life resign'd  
To the last tyrant's fatal stroke.

Does my dear Mary's feeling heart  
With sympathising sorrow heave?  
Raise the unclouded eye of faith  
To heaven and thou wilt cease to grieve.

Ah, who can read the wondrous plan  
Of God's immeasurable grace,  
And doubt that Jesus' shielding arms,  
Are folded round the infant race.

Then let each rebel sigh be hush'd,  
And not one cruel wish arise,  
To call the happy child away  
From her blest home in Paradise.

## TO A FRIEND.

Ev'RY comfort is a boon

From the bounteous hand of Heaven :  
Ev'ry moment of our lives  
Is an other blessing given.

On the hours which have elaps'd,  
Cast a retrospective view—  
Count the treasures that enrich'd  
Every moment as it flew.

Seldom has the face of Heaven  
Been o'er-clouded with a frown,  
But the blessings of its hand,  
Weigh the scale of mercy down.

Few and short have been the scenes  
Of pain, of sickness, or distress—  
But preservations, comforts, joys,  
Various, frequent, numberless !

Many a wretched wanderer roams  
Without a shelter for his head—  
You can taste the sweets of home,  
A home which none may dare invade.

Many a dwelling is the seat  
Of confusion, rage and strife—  
While with those dear friends you love  
*You* enjoy a peaceful life.

Many groan the livelong night,  
On the bed of pain, laid low—  
*You* are blest with soft repose,  
While health “sits smiling on your brow.”

Some are mourning life away,  
Without a friend their griefs to share—  
On a tender mother’s love,  
*You* may rest your ev’ry care.

To some, a poor and scanty meal,  
Is all their labour will afford—  
Prosperous have *your* efforts been ;  
Plenty crowns your friendly board.

Many, ignorant of God,  
Grove in shades of darkest night :  
On *you* the radiant gospel sheds  
Its clear refreshing, holy light.

All the treasures earth can yield,  
All that we can now receive,  
Fades before that splendid day,  
Of bliss that Heaven has yet to give.

Rise, my friend, with ardour rise—  
Gird the glorious harness on—  
Speed thee where courageous saints  
Onward press'd, and victory won.

Let thy mercies now obtain  
The gracious end for which they'r given,  
And the blessings of thy God,  
Lend thee wings to fly to heaven.

## THE SNOW STORM.

In the winter's bleak reign, in the dark and cold night,  
 When the blast loudly howls, and the storm rages high,  
 When the windows are sheeted with volleys of snow;  
 And the moon has forsaken the cloud-covered sky—

Oh, then, while surrounded with comforts, you sit,  
 In a warm habitation, beside a bright fire,  
 Enjoying the converse that dearly you prize,  
 And seeing the faces of those you admire.

Oh, then, for a moment reflect on the fate  
 Of thousands, exposed to the heart-chilling storm,  
 By a few scanty faggots, whose quivering blaze  
 Will scarce keep the half-famished sufferers warm;

And while yet your bosoms, to feeling alive,  
 And warm with the generous wish to relieve,  
 Let the sweet eye of pity examine your store,  
 And discretion direct you what portion to give.

The fair tree of charity blossoms in vain,  
 If the frost of forgetfulness withers its bloom—  
 But the fruit that benevolence ripens on earth,  
 Will be gathered where mercy shall conquer the tomb.

## TO A FRIEND,

ON RECEIVING H. MOORE'S PRACTICAL PIETY.

AND dost thou realize, my friend,  
 How rich a gift thou hast bestowed?  
 The labours of that faithful pen,  
 From which instruction long has flowed?

These little volumes are replete  
 With caution, comfort, hope and peace:  
 They show our state, and point to Him,  
 Who bids our sins and sorrows cease.

Thy kindness how shall I repay,  
 Or prove the mother and the friend,  
 More than by pressing on thy heart,  
 The cheering truths they recommend?

And didst thou not in earlier youth,  
 Confess the great Redeemer's name,  
 And publicly enlist beneath  
 The blessed banner of the Lamb?

Why didst thou leave thy Saviour's board?  
 Why from his fold unbidden stray?  
 Where canst thou find so sweet a feast,  
 So kind a guide, so safe a way?

The gates of bliss are open wide—  
Thither thy willing footsteps bend—  
Let not the enemy of souls  
Decoy thee from thy dearest friend.

Look at the world—alas, my son—  
Thy every joy will soon be past  
The fragile flower that springs from earth,  
Must wither in Death's piercing blast.

The fabric of thy happiness,  
If rested on the sliding sand,  
Assaulted by the stormy winds,  
And rushing torrents, will not stand.

But there's a glorious structure rais'd—  
Broad as eternity its base—  
On the firm rock of ages built—  
It is the *Covenant of Grace*!

Oh, come, and hesitate no more—  
Cast all thy unbelief away—  
Turn thee from earth, and lift thine eyes  
To Heaven's own pure celestial day.

Whatever ills disturb thy peace,  
Whatever sorrow, sin, or fear,—  
Before the Sun of Righteousness,  
Guilt, grief, and danger disappear.

This earth will fade, the sweetest ties,  
That fasten round the human heart,  
Will loose their grasp—friend, parent, child,  
From the fond soul forever part.

But he who cling's to Jesus' feet,  
No bitter parting e'er shall prove,  
From the dear God his soul adores,  
From his Redeemer's boundless love.

## THE ROSE BUD IN OCTOBER.

WHEN spring led forth her infant train  
 Their beauties to disclose,  
 A little bud its head uprais'd,  
 The promise of a rose.

But all its treasures lay conceal'd,  
 From every human view,  
 Though cherish'd by the parent sun,  
 And fed with choicest dew.

'Till June advanc'd with gentle step,  
 From summer's earliest bower,  
 And breathing on its folded leaves,  
 Unveil'd the modest flower.

Its fragrance floated on the air,  
 And each beholder's eye  
 Admir'd its gracefulness of shape,  
 The richness of its dye.

But time rushed on with sweeping wing—  
 The lovely flow'ret found—  
 Brush'd all its circling honours off,  
 And cast them on the ground.

Yet careful Nature had prepared  
For this disastrous hour,  
And wrapped within a glossy coat  
The embryo of the flower.

In other seasons this shall live,  
Again delight the eye,  
Beneath another smiling sun  
Another vernal sky.

And still the faded, withering leaves  
A grateful odour shed,  
And furnished still a precious hoard,  
Altho' the rose is dead.

Thus in the human heart is form'd  
The germ of holiness;  
Expanded by the breath of love,  
To deeds of righteousness.

And when the scene of action's o'er—  
The final duty done,—  
This cherished seed shall rise and bloom,  
Beneath the eternal Sun.

While the mild virtues of the saint,  
Will memory's pen record,  
And future Christians imitate  
The servant of their Lord.

## THE BRIGHT WINTER MORNING.

COLD was the angry storm,  
And cover'd thick the ground,  
And seizing fast the naked boughs,  
Encrusted them around.

Imprison'd were the trees,  
Which wav'd o'er hill and field,  
And thro' the livelong night they stood  
In icy bondage held.

When, lo, the morning sun,  
All glorious to behold,  
Burst from the curtains of the east,  
In floods of beamy gold.

O'er nature's mourning face,  
A pearly shower he throws,  
She quaffs the lucid draught, and straight  
With dazzling beauty glows.

How splendid is the scene,  
To man's astonished sight !  
When every bough of every tree  
Is gemmed with globes of light.

Even the low bush that grew  
Close by the streamlet's side,  
Now decked with sparkling diamonds, laughs  
At the gay sons of pride.

Does not the eye of faith  
A sweet resemblance trace,  
Between these bright displays of skill,  
And the rich works of grace?

When the sin-harden'd soul  
Enwapp'd in darkness lies,  
Thus does the life-restoring "Sun  
Of Righteousness arise."

On the cold heart he sheds  
A beam of love divine,  
And round the heaven-illumined saint  
Ten thousand graces shine.

But while the change is viewed,  
With deep admiring gaze,  
Own, Christian, all thy emptiness,  
And give thy God the praise.

## TO A FRIEND.

WHEN fever left our suffering child,  
 Languor assumed her pallid reign :  
 And health repulsed, refused to paint  
 Her roses on that cheek again.

One hope was left—with anxious hearts  
 We led her to the sea-girt shore ;  
 If haply ocean's fav'ring breeze  
 Might her retiring life restore.

No parent, sister, friend was near,  
 The kindred sympathy to lend—  
 But *thee* she found—a stranger maid—  
 Thou wert a parent, sister, friend !

Thy kind attentions were renew'd,  
 As each successive morn arose ;  
 And when tir'd nature ask'd for rest,  
 She shared thy pillow of repose.

And when the springs of ebbing life  
 Returned beneath that genial sky,  
 And smiling health at length illum'd  
 The faded lustre of her eye,

Did *then* thy tender labours cease?

Ah, no—for at thy faithful side,  
To seek her long forsaken home,  
She ventured o'er the briny tide.

Nor didst thou leave her, till restor'd

In safety to her native plain,  
'Till folded in a mother's arms,  
Beneath a father's roof again.

Nor was this all—for when disease

Again had mark'd her for its prey,  
Fond recollection dwelt on thee,  
Her gentle Evis far away.

Nor was the supplicating voice,

Loved girl! addressed in vain to thee—  
The wintry wind, the mountain snows,  
Checked not thy course of charity.

Thy sprightly converse soothed, and cheered

The drooping spirit of our child;  
And stormy days, and tedious nights,  
Of many a weary hour beguil'd.

And now, though duty's various claims

Imperious urge thee to depart,  
Yet with thee take this simple pledge  
This cordial tribute of the heart.

Sweet maid of Erin ! wheresoe'er  
On this side earth thy footsteps bend,  
On rolling seas, or distant lands,  
Still may'st thou never want a *friend*.

And should the guiding hand of God,  
Conduct thee to thy native isle,  
Again to taste the sweets of home,  
Again to share a mother's smile,

Let this remember'd family  
Be still embosom'd in thy love,  
And time, the test of human faith,  
The strength of real friendship prove.

And when from these fast changing scenes  
Our disencumber'd souls have flown,  
Then may we meet in that blest world,  
Where separations are unknown.

In choral strains of endless praise,  
To thee, to us, oh, be it given,  
To join the adoring multitude,  
Who make the family of heaven.

## HOME.

SAY, what is the word that abides on the heart,  
 Wherever we roam in this valley of tears?  
 Which affords a retreat from the scorings of pride,  
 Which adversity sweetens, and absence endears?

'Tis Home! the sweet centre of wishes and hopes—  
 The pole-star, that gleams on the mariner's soul,  
 When shrouded in tempest, and rock'd on the wave,  
 He shrinks from the horrors that over him roll.

Oh, then, if a thought of his far-distant home,  
 Should dart through his frame like electrical fire,  
 How kindled his ardour to stem the rough blast,  
 'Till nature, beneath the strong contest, expire.

The fame-seeking soldier, whose vigorous arm  
 Has brandish'd the death-dealing sword o'er the plain,  
 Who guided, undaunted, the thunder of war,  
 And with hardihood stalk'd over heaps of the slain—

At night, when the fierce din of battle is o'er,  
 And he sinks on the earth, with fatigue overcome,  
 If fond recollection his manhood dissolves,  
 He weeps like the nurse-chidden babe, for his home.

Nor less are the feelings of childhood alive—

When the boy from his birth-place is forced to depart,  
Be that birth-place a palace, or cottage obscure,  
Its lines are indelibly drawn on his heart.

Whate'er his employment of body or mind,

Whether labour or study his moments may fill,  
He longs for the joys of his own precious home,  
And the dearly lov'd group, who assemble there still.

The world is an ocean of dangers and deaths—

The world is a war-field of rage and dismay—  
'Tis the cold land of banishment, dreary and void,  
From the mansions of blessedness, far, far away.

'Tis sin that has veiled it in terror and gloom—

'Tis sin bids the tears of humanity flow—  
And the heart-broken criminal feels it were just,  
Should he wander forever in darkness and woe.

But, rise, humble mourner! there's news from the skies!

Thou art destin'd no longer, an exile to roam,  
A Saviour invites thee—"Arise, and depart"—  
For God is thy Father, and Heaven thy Home.

## TO A FRIEND.

THAT man is blest, whom guardian Heaven  
 Has planted in a middle state ;  
 Above the sufferings of the poor,  
 Below the follies of the great.

Expos'd to Fortune's scorching glare,  
 Fair Virtue's form is apt to fade ;  
 And oft the lovely flow'ret droops,  
 Beneath cold penury's chilling shade.

The wide extremes of wealth and want,  
 Like the fierce line and frigid pole.  
 Leave a mild temperature between,  
 Where all the seasons kindly roll.

Young man—this temperature is thine—  
 Soft flows thy stream of happiness—  
 Plenty, by industry obtain'd—  
 Friendship, the bond of human bliss.

In calm retirement safe embower'd,  
 Indulgent Heaven has granted thee  
 More than the treasures of Peru,  
 A loved and lovely family.

Does not thy little prattler's voice  
Full oft thy weariness beguile ?  
And has this earth a charm so sweet,  
As thy nurs'd infant's dimpling smile ?

Another gift thou hast received,  
A mental boon, a taste refined,  
That loves to drink at learning's fount,  
And banquet on the feast of mind.

And hast thou not one dearer hope,  
That far surpasses all the rest,  
A hope, sky-born—of angel-hue—  
Does not Religion warm thy breast ?

Then go, and "eat thy bread with joy,"  
Thy cup of blessedness runs o'er—  
Empires could not increase thy wealth,  
Creation's bounds contain no more.

If thou *believest*—all is thine,  
That heart can wish, or eye can see—  
All present things, and things to come,  
Life, death, earth, heaven, eternity.

## THE MORNING STAR.

FAIR Star of day, I sing thy charms,  
 Thou glory of the morning sky ;  
 For often has thy gladd'ning ray  
 Beam'd sweetly on my gazing eye,

When by the bed of sickness placed,  
 By the pale taper's feeble light,  
 When not a sound is heard to break  
 The long, lone watches of the night—

Save now and then a broken groan,  
 Breath'd from the restless couch of pain,  
 Half breath'd, as though the sufferer check'd  
 His heart, and felt that groans were vain.

While thus the periods of the night  
 Roll sad and heavily away,  
 How often turns the wakeful eye  
 To meet the first approach of day.

Oh, then, how pleasant to behold,  
 From the dark verge that bounds the sky,  
 The herald of the morning rise,  
 And wing his cheering flight on high.

But shall I sing of lesser orbs,  
And fail to to celebrate *His* birth,  
Whose soul-reviving beams diffuse  
Salvation o'er the ruin'd earth ?

When a lost miserable world,  
Sin-sick, death-struck, in darkness lay,  
Then, Jesus, didst thou pour abroad,  
The splendours of eternal day.

Awake, my harp, thy sweetest strains,  
The glories of his name rehearse,  
The light of Heaven, the life of men,  
The Day-star of the universe !

## TO MY SON:

ON HIS COMMENCING THE STUDY OF PHYSIC.

THOU child of my love, tho' removed from my eye,  
 Thou art not removed from a mother's fond heart;  
 The fair path of duty I still can descry,  
 And the counsels of prudence with kindness impart.

Though folly's allurements encircle thee round,  
 Yet, let them not tempt thee from virtue to stray,  
 But set thy foot firm on Integrity's ground,  
 And let Temperance guard ev'ry step of thy way.

Let knowledge, by close application obtained,  
 Ennoble thy feelings, illumine thy soul.  
 Mankind are thy brothers—whatever is gained,  
 With ardour improve, for the good of the whole.

When Science unfolds to thy wondering view,  
 The astonishing organization of man,  
 When truth on truth rises, with evidence new,  
 Disclosing the complex, harmonious plan,

Oh, then, let thy spirit in gratitude rise,  
 To the source of all wisdom, and goodness, and power,  
 Who tenderly cherishes, guards, and supplies,  
 This creature of frailty, this child of an hour.

To him let thy heart be devoted in love,  
To him be thine earliest energies given,  
And when the last messenger bids thee remove,  
He will be a bright convoy to guide thee to Heaven.

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## INFANCK.

With fond affection, Ann survey'd,  
The beauties of her darling child.  
His lovely features, charming form,  
And countenance, so winning mild.

The infant rested on her arm,  
For gentle sleep had kindly shed,  
With soft and balmy influence,  
His poppies round its little head.

Clear was the sky, the lab'ring moon  
Had finished half her nightly race;  
When glancing at the tender scene,  
She smil'd upon the baby's face.

Ann gaz'd in silence—'twas a sight  
That hush'd the passions all to rest—  
And breath'd a warm and mellow glow  
Of tranquil pleasure through the breast.

Not *hers* the babe—but kindred love  
    Around her heart had wound its charms ;  
And she scarce knew a sweeter joy,  
    Than when she press'd him in her arms.

Ann, lift thine eyes to yonder orb—  
    And raise thy thoughts above that sky—  
Millions of kindred beings there,  
    Live in close bonds of amity.

If joys so pure, so chaste, so dear,  
    To kind affections *here* are given,  
Oh, what must be the exalted bliss,  
    Of holy friends, who love in Heaven ?

## TO M. L.:

ON HER RETURN FROM VISITING A FAMILY, WHO HAD,  
SINCE SHE SAW THEM, BURIED A SON, AND MARRIED  
A DAUGHTER.

MARY, I hail thy safe return,  
At length, to the sweet rural plain :  
I greet thee welcome to thy home,  
And to thy bosom friends again.

And hast thou heard the bridal song,  
And listened to the dirge of woe ?  
Seen the gay smile of dimpling joy,  
And the sad tear of sorrow flow ?

Dear Mary, this is human life—  
It is earth's varying hemisphere ;  
For oft the cloud of deepest shade,  
Is tipp'd with sunbeams bright and clear.

When sin deform'd the beauteous scene,  
That bounteous Heaven in love had spread,  
And o'er the cheerful morn of life,  
A dismal gloom of horror shed,

Then did the sun of mercy rise,  
To chase the dark'ning mist away,  
And open to the wanderer's eye,  
The glories of a splendid day.

And when his proud and stubborn will,  
Resists the light, rejects the grace—  
And guilt enchains the free-born soul,  
And drives him from his Maker's face,

'Till Heaven in justice, lays him low,  
Beneath affliction's chast'ning rod,  
E'en there does Hope, with cherub smile,  
Lead back the sufferer to his God.

If thou dost "weep with them that weep,"  
And in their happiness rejoice,  
Still let thy feeling heart receive  
This faithful, monitory voice.

*Earth's pleasures, bloom they e'er so fair,  
The breath of time will soon destroy,  
And love may be, in sorrow's guise,  
The herald of eternal joy.*

## TO A SICK FRIEND.

WHEN sadness veils the lonely hours,  
 And health and ease are flown—  
 When painful days, and sleepless nights,  
 Weigh the poor sufferer down—

When the world fades, and friendship's self,  
 Is but a feeble prop ;  
 Oh, then, how sweet, beyond compare,  
 Is the meek Christian's hope.

How sweet to look beyond the cloud,  
 And see a Saviour God—  
 How sweet to lean upon his arm,  
 When chasten'd by his rod.

Sweet o'er the darken'd skies to see  
 The bow of promise bend ;  
 The promise of a faithful King,  
 A never-failing friend.

Oh, never did a humble soul,  
 Believe, and trust in vain—  
 A Father's love will hush thy sighs,  
 And banish every pain.

Then cheer thee, pilgrim, let thine eye  
Be dim with tears no more—  
Thy sorrows all shall pass away,  
Thy trials all be o'er.

And thou shalt see his lovely face ;  
Adore his matchless ways—  
And sing his wisdom, power and truth,  
In songs of rapturous praise.

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## CHRISTMAS.

Roll fast away, ye darksome shades,  
Before this splendid morn,  
The Sun of Righteousness appears,  
The world's Redeemer's born.

Awake your harps, ye angel bands,  
Sweep every tuneful string—  
With hallelujahs to your God,  
Let Heaven's wide concave ring.

Awake, ye ransom'd race, awake,  
In crouds his temple throng—  
Mingle your sweet, melodious notes,  
And pour the joyful song.

Go forth ye prisoners of hope!  
Your great deliverer see—  
Go forth—your galling chains are broke—  
For Christ has set you free!

Zion, arise! thy woes are past—  
Thy shadowy night is o'er—  
Thy everlasting day has dawned—  
Thy sun shall set no more.

Let earth with all the hosts of heaven,  
The choral anthem raise—  
And swell, in one eternal peal,  
Immanuel's endless praise!

## TO A FRIEND,

AND why, oh, why, my precious friend,  
 So slow, so backward to believe?  
 The dearest proofs of heavenly love,  
 Why so unwilling to receive?

Can not thy reason comprehend  
 That He who fills immensity,  
 Should condescend to dwell in flesh,  
 And agonize and die for thee?

Then, contemplate the eternal law,  
 How infinitely just, and pure:  
 Say, who, of all the heavenly hosts,  
 Could its dread penalty endure?

What finite being could sustain  
 The awful anger of a God!  
 That anger justly due to sin,  
 Nor sink beneath the fearful load?

Oh, had *that* been high Heaven's demand,  
 Created nature must despair—  
 None, none but He who made the law,  
 Its broken honours could repair.

And see the wondrous task perform'd—  
The precious matchless ransom paid ;  
The blood of God our saviour shed,  
To heal the wounds that sin had made.

My friend—wilt thou refuse thy heart—  
Wilt thou reject a love like this?  
Has God resign'd his only Son,  
To purchase thine eternal bliss,

And wilt thou doubt his sacred word,  
And disbelieve his boundless grace,  
And coldly turn away thine ear,  
When he invites thee to his face ?

Reflect—this shadowy, flitting state  
Can yield thee no substantial joy—  
Sin, in its sweetest cup, has cast  
A bitter mixture of alloy.

But see the arms of mercy spread,  
To fold thee to a Saviour's breast—  
Seize the dear moment, e'er 'tis past—  
And be to endless ages blest.

## THE APPLE TREE.

In a calm little valley, beside a bleak hill,  
 It rose with luxuriance crown'd,  
 And cheered with the rays of the life giving sun,  
 It spread its thick foliage around.

Full many a spring had its blossoming sweets  
 Perfum'd the mild breath of the air;  
 And many an autumn its deep-laden boughs  
 Rewarded the gatherer's care.

But a tempest tremendous rush'd over the plain,  
 And it bent to the terrible stroke—  
 It past—and the zephyr breath'd soft on the tree,  
 But it never recover'd the shock.

And yet, though its aged trunk bow'd to the earth,  
 The branches shot upward amain;  
 For its root had stuck deep, and when autumn return'd  
 It was loaded with apples again.

An emblem, I cried, how impressive and just,  
 Of a plant in the Garden of God!  
 Though the storms of adversity burst on his head,  
 And he bows to the chastening rod:

Yet well does he know that afflictions are sent,  
Not to sink him in sloth or despair;  
But to quicken his graces, and strengthen his faith,  
That his virtues may flourish more fair.

Disencumber'd from worldly dependance and hopes,  
His affections with ardour arise,  
And he feels that the sorrows which crush him to earth,  
Are refining his soul for the skies.

And though to that glory his spirit would soar,  
Which dazzles the seraphim's ken,  
'Tis his fervent desire that his life may abound  
In benevolent actions to men.

This, this is the plant that will flourish and thrive,  
Unhurt by the elements' rage; [youth,  
And the blooms, which adorn'd the fair spring of its  
Will be *fruit* in the winter of age.

## SOLITUDE.

SWEET Solitude, I court thy quiet shades,  
 And turn my back upon the noisy world—  
 A world that charm'd me once, when "fancy fond"—  
 With rapture gaz'd upon her rainbow hues,  
 And thought them permanent, till silently  
 They sunk away, and left the aching eye  
 To pore on misty darkness. Solitude  
 Holds no deceptive mirror to the view—  
 Secluded from the glare of vanity,  
 The din of business, and the pomp of pride,  
 The conscious soul collects her scatter'd powers,  
 And rests upon herself—herself? Oh, no—  
 She leans on Him, whose mighty arm upholds  
 The ponderous universe. The worshipper,  
 Who humbly seeks the God in all his works,  
 Is sure to find Him—that resplendent orb  
 Which robes the earth in loveliness, confirms  
 To his believing soul the precious truth,  
 Of *His* existence, who feeds all its fires.  
 When thunders roll along the vaulted sky,  
 And livid lightnings wrap the world in flame,  
 Thro' the thick cloud he darts a piercing glance,  
 Up to the throne—and fixing "Faith's firm eye"  
 On Him, who guides the tempest, at the feet

Of the dread Deity his spirit falls  
In low prostration. Nor alone in these  
Astonishing displays of boundless power,  
Is the Creator seen—for boundless power,  
And skill, and wisdom, and beneficence,  
Are visible in every little plant  
That lifts its head, to sip the dews of heaven;  
And in the smallest insect, that expands  
Its silken wings to the warm sun. The brook  
That gurgles sweetly thro' the posied dale,  
Proclaims the praise of Him who bade it flow,  
Not less than the tremendous mountain wave,  
Which roars in concert with the stormy wind.

Oh, blind to beauty—to the fairest charm  
That glows throughout the fair creation, blind,  
Who in its ample volume sees not Him,  
Who spreads each page before the admiring eye.  
As vapours, that ascend from stagnant pools,  
And fens, and marshes, form a cloudy veil,  
Which hides the aspect of the glorious sun :  
So, from deprav'd and sensual appetites,  
A mist of doubts and false opinions rise,  
Which darken all the mental hemisphere,  
And shut the “ Sun of Righteousness” from man.

Oh, world ! what a sworn enemy art thou  
To piety !—thy pleasures, pomps, and gains  
All hostile to the interests of the soul.

Behold the monarch on his throne of state,  
A royal emmet! flatter'd and caress'd  
By fellow-emmets, who like him, rose  
But yesterday from their own nothingness—  
Who court his smiles, and tremble at his frown  
To-day, and gone to-morrow—swept aside  
By one slight puff of fate, and hid in dust.  
Nor are the *pleasures* of this little earth  
More lasting than its *grandeur*—while the lip  
Presses the poisonous cup of lawless joy,  
The blood congeals, and the poor thirsty wretch  
Feels his heart stop, e'er yet his thirst is cloyed.  
And what has *wealth* to charm the immortal mind?  
How often has a lust of gold, debased  
The high-born soul below a sordid brute!  
Witness that wretched miser, who foregoes  
The comforts, and the decencies of life,  
To hug his darling idol, precious pelf,  
And starves, and freezes, in the vile embrace.  
How often has it shut the human heart,  
As with a fast-barr'd gate of adamant,  
To sweet compassion's voice, and misery's claims—  
Witness that meagre son of want, who stands  
Pale, trembling, suppliant at the rich man's door,  
Thus pleading, in the simple strains of truth—  
“Once I was prosperous, but disease cut off  
The labour of my hands, and brought me low.  
My wife, the sharer of my happier days,  
Sickly, thro' fasting, chilled with piercing cold,

Even now sits weeping o'er our hungry babe,  
Who, yesterday, the last dry crumb, devour'd!"  
A frigid look, with the stern word, "Begone!"  
Runs shivering o'er his heart-strings—back he turns,  
In silent anguish to his wretched home.  
Did *Nature* form the rich man pitiless?  
Oh, no—he once was poor, and when he spied  
A suffering brother, he would freely share  
With him, his scanty pittance; but a tide  
Of fortune flow'd, and charity was drown'd.  
Laid on the lap of ease and plenty, he  
Forgets what once he suffer'd, when his wants  
Press'd on his heart, and open'd every sluice  
Of fellow-feeling in him: Nor are these  
The only ills that wealth unsanctified  
Procures to erring man—Pride, arrogance,  
Rank self-indulgence, in its various shapes  
Fatal to health, to morals, to the soul,  
Redundant thrive in this luxuriant soil.  
Such is the texture of the human heart,  
That, give it opportunity to act,  
Without the grace of Heaven to direct  
And over-rule its motions, evils, worse  
Than from Pandora's box were feign'd to spring,  
Would over-run the world: Who then would dare  
Permit his heart to covet what might prove  
His bane—the final ruin of his soul!

How wise that good man's prayer, who knowing well  
Temptation's force, besought his gracious God  
To "give him neither poverty nor riches."  
This life's a middle state, and it accords  
With such a lot to tread the middle path,  
Between the wide extremes of indigence,  
And haughty independence—of high power  
Accountable to none, and slavery  
So abject, that the wretch dares hardly *feel*,  
Much less *assert* his real dignity,  
But yields his nature's great prerogative,  
His liberty of choice, to brother-worms.

Yet let not him, whom Providence hath bless'd  
With rich abundance, spurn the precious gift;  
A talent 'tis, which claims his deep regard—  
The benefaction of a friend—yet one  
To which the bounteous donor has attach'd  
A high responsibility—Whate'er  
His health demands, whate'er his comfort claims,  
He may enjoy—but, dreamest thou, vain man,  
That thou art privileg'd to loll at ease,  
In luxury's soft lap, or hoard thy wealth  
In secret coffers, to enrich thy heirs,  
When thousands of thy brethren pine in want?  
Or dost thou still the monitory voice,  
That speaks within, by casting, now and then,  
A pittance to the poor? Or if a call  
On public charity should reach thine ear,

Perchance thou'lt give most nobly—this is well—  
But this is not one half thy duty ; oft,  
The deepest sufferers are the most conceal'd.  
Full many a humble, meek, and feeling heart,  
Would bear the sorest scourge of penury  
In uncomplaining silence, e'er 'twould feel  
A right to burden others with its wo.  
*Such* should be sought for ; and the gentle hand  
Of Christian sympathy dispense relief  
As soft and silent, as the still dew falls  
On drooping flowers, thro' the lone night—they  
Feel the sweet refreshment, and returning morn  
Beholds them flourishing in beauty's pride,  
Unconscious who had cheer'd them : Charity  
And ostentation, are as opposite  
As light and darkness—he who proudly boasts  
Of benefits conferr'd, cancels, himself,  
That moment, every debt ; that boast has swept  
The score of obligation clean away.  
Riches give influence—let the rich man then  
Exert that influence for the general good.  
Let him instruct the ignorant, and reclaim,  
If possible, the guilty ; let him lead  
The feet of error in the path of truth ;  
And with a steady active zeal promote  
The truest interests of his fellow-men.

It is an ancient adage of the world,  
That standers-by can best discern the game  
In all its bearings ; thus the thinking mind  
Which calm ascends the mount of solitude,  
Looks down with pure, serene, unclouded eye  
On all the various paths of human life,  
On all the moral and religious ties  
That ought to bind society ; nay, more,  
Through the clear glass of faith the soul devout  
Beholds the bright reward which waits the good,  
And feels it duty to persuade mankind  
To listen to the voice of heavenly love.  
But have the poor no joys ? Has Providence  
With partial hand distributed its gifts  
Of happiness ? Oh no ! the poor *have* joys  
Peculiarly their own : Say, humble ones  
Who glean with patient toil your daily bread  
Behind the generous reaper—kindles not  
In your warm hearts the glow of gratitude  
To these your benefactors, who, heaven-taught,  
Let fall the plenteous handful in your path ?  
And more—Does not your faith discern that God  
Who kindly looks on your necessities,  
And opens thus the hearts and hands of men  
To give the timely aid ? Full oft does want  
Reduce her children to the sorest straits—  
And when each stream of human hope is dried,  
Then has a wonder-working Providence

Unlock'd a new and unexpected source  
So visible, so rich, so suitable,  
That the poor heart, opprest with such a weight  
Of tender mercy, swells with thankfulness  
Almost to bursting :—

Pause we here a while

And contemplate the wisdom, power, and love,  
Of Him who out of darkness call'd forth light ;  
And on our deep and various wretchedness  
Has rais'd a host of virtues—thus with skill  
Divine, o'ercoming all our stubborn guilt,  
And counteracting every subtle plot  
And machination of our deadliest foe.  
See gentle *sympathy*, and *pity* meek,  
And kind *forbearance*, and forgiving *love*,  
And *patience* all-enduring—precious band !  
United to alleviate the woes  
Of this our fallen state, and overcome  
Sin's dismal offspring, *passion's* demon-rage,  
Sharp *provocation*, cruel *injuries*,  
*Insults* unmerited—and kindly soothe  
The pang of *guilt*, that wrings the breaking heart,  
And groans of *pain* from sorrow's hard  
But needful hand, that lays the sufferer low.  
But these are graces *militant*—unknown  
In that blest world where neither guilt nor woe  
Can find an entrance : they are built

On the sad wreck of man's apostacy.  
A beauteous fabric ! rais'd, upheld, adorn'd  
By our Jehovah-Jesus ! Love divine  
Subduing thus the selfish will of man,  
By wholesome discipline—and with the dew  
Of cleansing, healing, sanctifying grace,  
Prepares him for that beatific state  
Where sin and sorrow shall be known no more.

## NOCTURNAL REFLECTION.

HAST thou ever seen the moon  
Travel through the midnight sky?  
Hast thou seen the brilliant stars  
Stud the canopy on high?

When thy musing mind was fix'd,  
In the depth of solemn thought,  
Did thy spirit strive to learn,  
What the glorious scenery taught?

Did this pride-abasing truth  
On thy soul with sweetness fall—  
Mortal, lay thee in the dust—  
Thou art nothing—God is all?

## TO A FRIEND,

AFTER THE DEATH OF HER MOTHER.

STILL does the breast with sorrow heave,  
 And still the tear-drop wet thine eye,  
 Though many a moon has wax'd and wan'd  
 Since thy lov'd parent sought the sky?

And still does busy memory brood  
 O'er tranquil joys forever flown;  
 And that dear countenance recall,  
 Where sweet maternal kindness shone?

And dost thou recollect the hours,  
 When thy poor heart with grief oppress'd,  
 Felt that a mother's soothing voice  
 Could lull thy anxious soul to rest?

And when thy cup of bliss was full,  
 Oh, didst thou not exult, that she,  
 Thy parent, dearly, fondly lov'd,  
 Could share that bounteous cup with thee?

And are those scenes forever gone?  
 Are all those precious comforts o'er?  
 And shall that voice no more be heard?  
 And must that face be seen no more?

Hush! dry thy tears—thy mother lives—  
Didst thou not see the path she trod?  
And may we not, rejoicing, trust  
It was the path which led to God?

Rise, let thy spirit quit the earth,  
And stretch its wings to scenes of bliss,  
There, they who humbly sought their God,  
Dwell where the blest Immanuel is.

Look thro' the seats of heavenly light,  
Where saints in radiant beauty shine,  
Adorn'd with perfect holiness,  
Reflected from the light divine.

Is there no trait of character,  
By which thou may'st thy mother know?  
Dost thou not see that lovely one,  
With meekness smiling on her brow?

Were she allow'd to see thy grief,  
Were she allow'd to counsel thee,  
In this, thy earthly pilgrimage,  
Oh, would not *this* her language be?

“Weep not, my child—my woes are past,  
My every tear is wiped away—  
My night of sin and death is o'er,  
I live in everlasting day.

“Haste thee, my child, and follow me;  
For God thy future hours employ—  
The time is short—the crown is sure—  
Arise—and seize eternal joy!”

---

## TO A SPORTSMAN.

'Tis pleasant o'er the fields to roam—  
*Better* to hunt your foes at home—  
Look at your heart, and there descry,  
The foxes that in ambush lie,  
Ready to seize, and bear away,  
Each rising virtue as their prey;  
And oft with many a crafty wile,  
The youthful spirit they beguile—  
*Here*, level all your choicest skill,  
And range no more the lawn or hill.  
Subdue the rebels in your breast,  
And let the woodland people rest.

## THANKSGIVING DAY.

ETERNAL King of Heaven !

From thy resplendent throne,  
Of boundless might, of holy love,  
Oh, look in mercy down.

Look down in mercy, Lord,  
And bless this kindred band ;  
In close, endearing union plac'd,  
By thy most gracious hand.

On this returning day,  
Devoted to thy praise,  
Father, assist our feeble tongues,  
The joyful song to raise.

But where shall we begin,  
Thy mercies to recount ?  
On every thought they cluster thick  
And memory still surmount.

Our lives have been preserv'd,  
By thine Almighty power,  
And liberty, and home-born joys  
Until this favour'd hour.

Each day thy constant care  
A plenteous table spread,  
And nightly blessings, like the dew,  
Around our dwelling shed.

Our Father, and our God !  
One blessing more impart,  
And add to all thy precious gifts,  
An humble, thankful heart.

Then shall thy lofty praise,  
Our voices here employ,  
Till we shall join the heavenly choir,  
In everlasting joy.

## SONNET.

SEE the modest Columbine,  
 With a borrow'd lustre shine.  
 Cradled in its beauteous breast,  
 See the rain-drop softly rest.  
 Lovlier still the plant appears,  
 Wet with Nature's purest tears,  
 Emblem of the faithful soul,  
 Under friendship's sweet control,  
 Kindly coveting to share,  
 Every sorrow, every care—  
 Cherishing the heart of grief,  
 That in its bosom seeks relief,  
 While bending to a friend's distress,  
 Increases its own loveliness.



## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

OH, how has vile apostate man  
 Debas'd his noble birth!  
 Spread desolation o'er his soul,  
 And ruin thro' the earth!

Once 'twas a garden of delight,  
Where every virtue smil'd;  
But now a thorny wilderness,  
A dark and cheerless wild.

Yet, in this wild, Almighty grace,  
To wand'ring man has given,  
A guide unerring to conduct  
His wayward steps to heaven.

An upland path the Christian spies,  
A straight and narrow way,  
'Tis steep and thorny—but it leads  
To everlasting day.

With zeal he labours to ascend  
That path that leads to God,  
But oft his eyes, with weeping dim,  
Can scarce discern the road.

Yet, courage, pilgrim! thou shalt live  
In spite of all thy fears,  
For oft Religion's choicest plants,  
Are water'd best with tears.

And though desertion's awful night,  
Involve his soul in gloom,  
And dark despondence' heavy pall  
Would press him to the tomb—

Yet, e'er he faints, a lucid ray  
Beams on his lifted eye,  
And darkness, doubt, and fears depart,  
Before that smiling sky.

But these are seasons of delight,  
That may not, must not last—  
One sweet reviving hour, perhaps,  
And then the vision's past.

Anon, his glorious sun is hid,  
His spirit droops again—  
He gropes for light—he sinks with fear,  
That every effort's vain.

But, lest in darkness overwhelm'd,  
His trembling feet should stray,  
*Faith* arms him with a walking staff,  
And *Hope* illumines the way.

## THE RESTING PLACE.

POOR feeble man, in sorrow born,  
A pilgrim from his earliest morn,  
By strong temptations urg'd to stray,  
While dangers thick beset his way—  
While numerous foes assault his life,  
With subtle craft, and furious strife,  
And sore infest his mortal race—  
How needs his soul a resting place!

When storms of poverty assail,  
And wants increase, and comforts fail—  
When enemies insult, deride,  
And friends, forgetful, turn aside—  
How welcome then the word of love  
Sent to the mourner from above,  
Which leads him to a throne of grace,  
To find a heavenly resting place!

When pining sickness wastes the frame,  
And dimly burns life's feeble flame,  
When clouds of guilt the mind o'erspread,  
And sorrow bows the aching head—  
Then how reviving mercy's voice,  
That bids the humble heart rejoice,

Reveals a Saviour's smiling face,  
And in that smile a resting place!

Oh, when my spirit, tempest-tost,  
Feels that all earthly scenes are lost,  
And trembling views the immortal shore,  
Where grief and sin are known no more—  
Then may I see that Saviour near,  
To hush each sigh, dry every tear,  
And grant me in his blest embrace  
An everlasting resting place.

## THE TEA-TABLE.

Let other ladies boast the joys  
 In parties gain'd, where wit and noise,  
     Inspire a transient glee,  
 The crowded hall I'd leave in haste,  
 To sit with my dear girls and taste  
     A social cup of tea.

The board with spotted papers strew'd,  
 Exciting passions base and rude,  
     My heart can ne'er approve ;  
 Be it with wholesome viands crown'd,  
 And smiling faces circled round,  
     And, 'tis a sight I love.

The monarch on his throne of state,  
 While slaves obsequious round him wait,  
     Feels not a joy like this—  
 No heart, amongst that vassal band,  
 Will beat, e'en at a king's command,  
     In unison with his.

Oh, thou great origin of love ;  
Teach us so wisely to improve  
    The blessing thou hast given,  
That we may each obtain a place,  
At the full table of thy grace,  
    When it is spread in Heaven.

## SONNET.

SWEET Moon! I love to gaze upon thy face,  
 For thou dost not repel the asking eye  
 With piercing brightness, like thy brother Sol,  
 But dost invite, with a kind, winning grace,  
 The contemplations of a musing mind  
 That quits the noxious earth, and looks on high  
 For objects suited to its vast desires—  
 And thou dost tell of Him, who gave thee birth,  
 Thro' trackless fields of ether bade thee roll,  
 And shed thy lustre o'er the darksome earth,  
 To kindle pure devotion's holy fires,  
 To cheer the aching heart with joys refin'd,  
 And light the pilgrim on his arduous way,  
 Through mortal life's thick glooms, to Heaven's re-  
 splendent day.

## SONNET.

As mists, that cloud an April sky,  
Now gathering low, now tow'ring high,  
By rival breezes driven ;  
Distilling now, like dews of night,  
Now parting wide, with cheerful light,  
And opening to the gladden'd sight,  
The beauteous blue of Heaven—

So, on the soul that seeks the skies,  
Dark shades, and gloomy fears arise,  
Beclouding all its way—  
'Till truth dispels the sable hue,  
That doubt o'er all its comforts threw,  
And breaks upon the enraptur'd view,  
A bright and endless day.

## SONNET.

How sweet it is, upon a summer's night,  
After the falling of a gentle shower,  
When the full moon, in silent majesty,  
Rides o'er the topmost arches of the sky,  
Pouring around her soft and silver rays—  
How sweet it is to spend a tranquil hour,  
With those we love, in meditative gaze,  
Upon the solemn beauty of the scene.  
When, as the scarce heard zephyr stirs the trees,  
We listen to the drops that patter down,  
Does not a nameless feeling of delight  
Steal o'er the soul, so pure, devout, serene,  
As Eden's sweets were floating on the breeze,  
And innocence from man had never flown.



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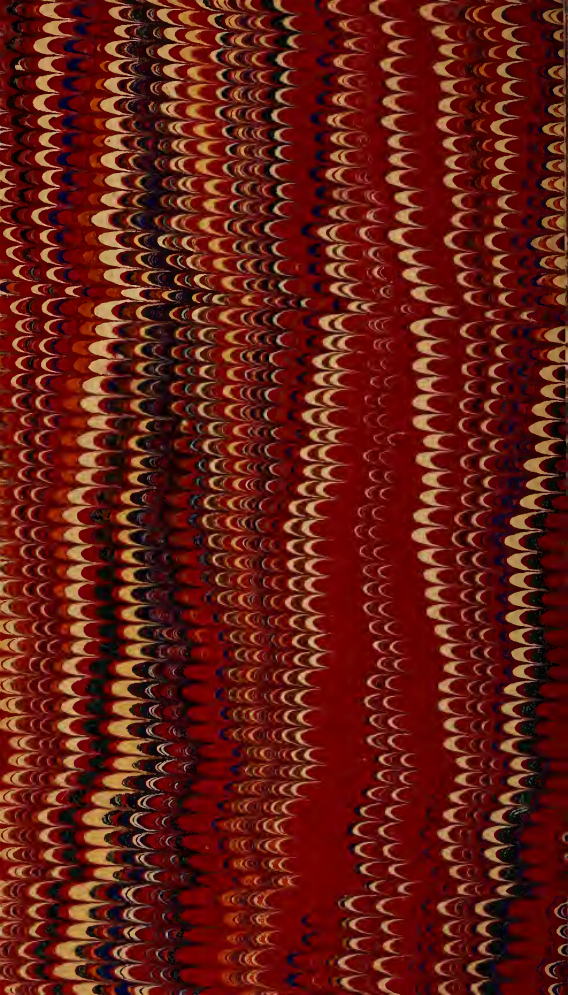














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